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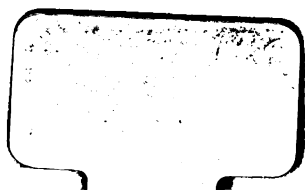
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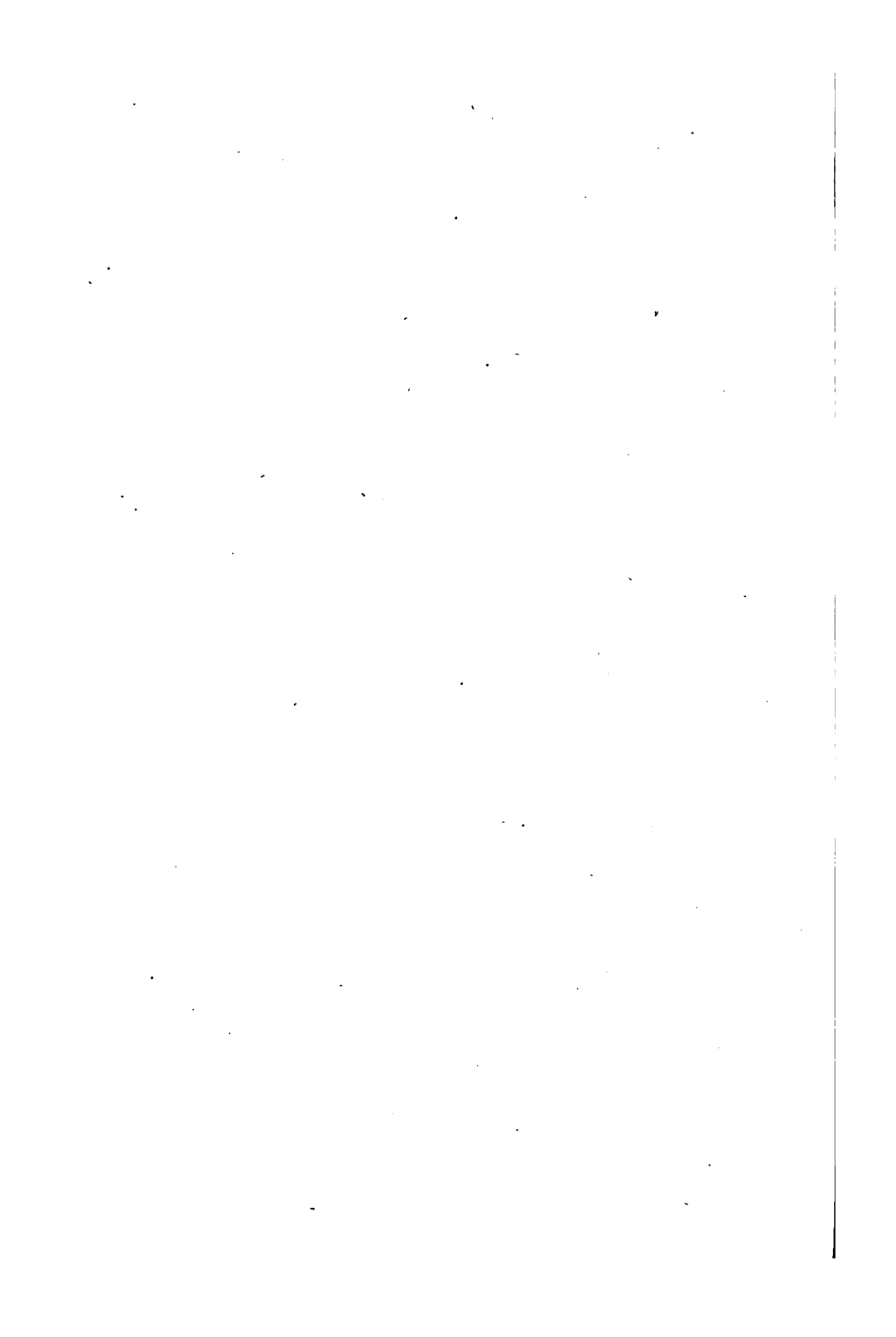


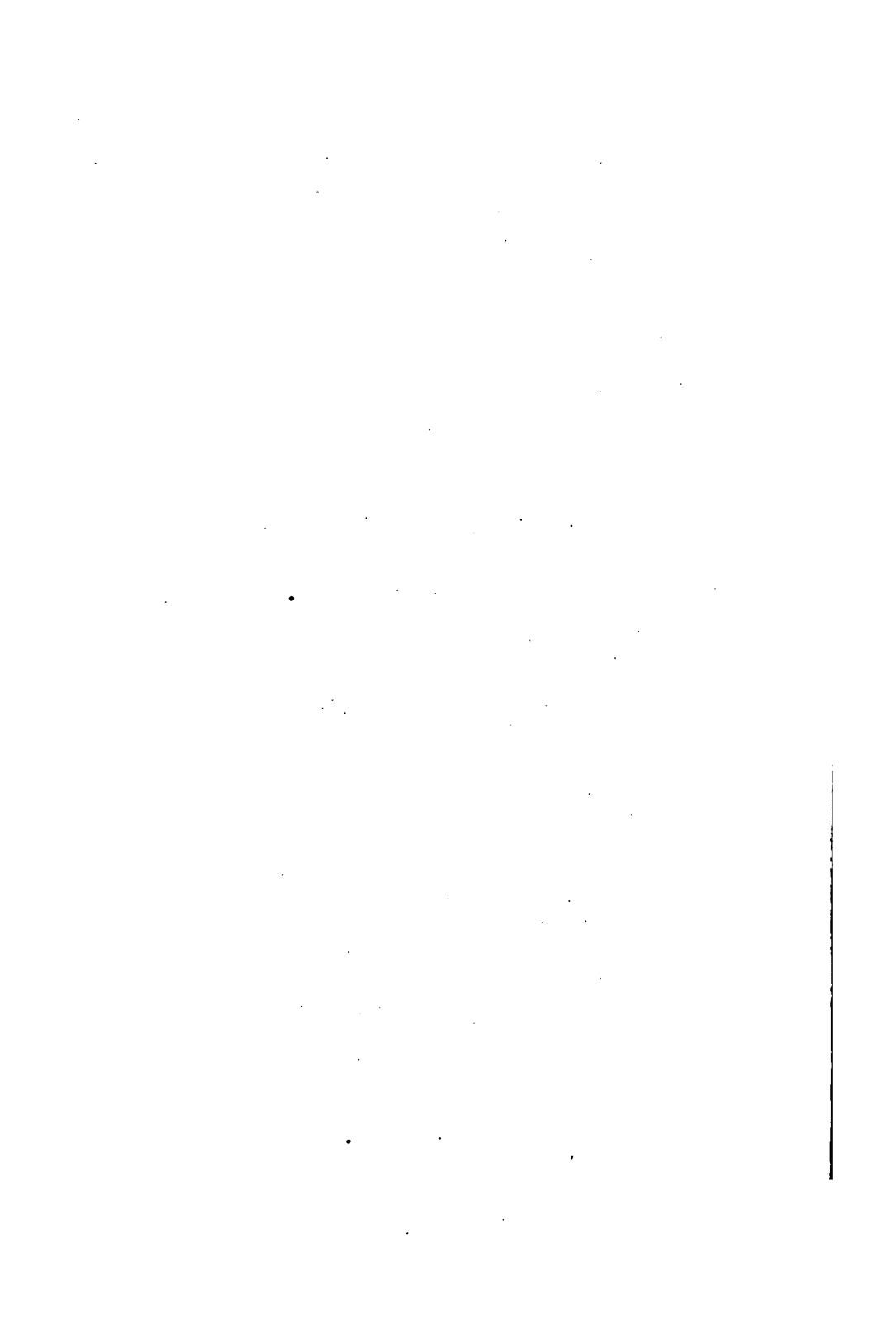


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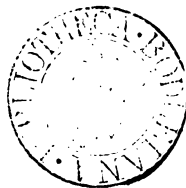


I remain most truly yrs  
P. Smith

THE REMAINS  
OF  
THE REV. RICHARD CECIL, M.A.,

WITH  
Numerous Selections from his Works.

A NEW EDITION,  
WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION BY HIS DAUGHTER,  
AND A PREFACE BY THE  
RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT BICKERSTETH, D.D.,  
LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



London:  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.  
—  
1876.

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## P R E F A C E.

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I HEARTILY commend to the blessing of Almighty God, and to the careful perusal of my fellow Christians, this republication of "Cecil's Remains."

The work which bears that title has long been known as an invaluable storehouse of wise and thoughtful counsels, conveyed in language of singular force and beauty. Successive editions have appeared from time to time, but at length the original volume was out of print. It would be no slight loss if a work of such rare merit should cease to be within reach ; and the compilers of the present edition are entitled to the thanks of the whole Christian community for having undertaken its republication. But what is now presented to the reader is more than a simple reproduction. The whole work has been classified under distinct heads ; fresh matter has been added, borrowed from other writings of this admirable author, and all is so arranged as to afford the utmost facility of reference. The work is therefore valuable, not only as a reprint, but as presenting fresh gems of thought, which will be found, on examination, to be truly precious.

Anyone who is familiar with "Cecil's Remains" must have noticed the copious variety of subjects referred to, as well as the original and masterly way in which they are handled. There are few points of interest, as affecting the Christian life and experience, which are not touched with

the fervent piety and sterling common-sense which characterised this remarkable man.

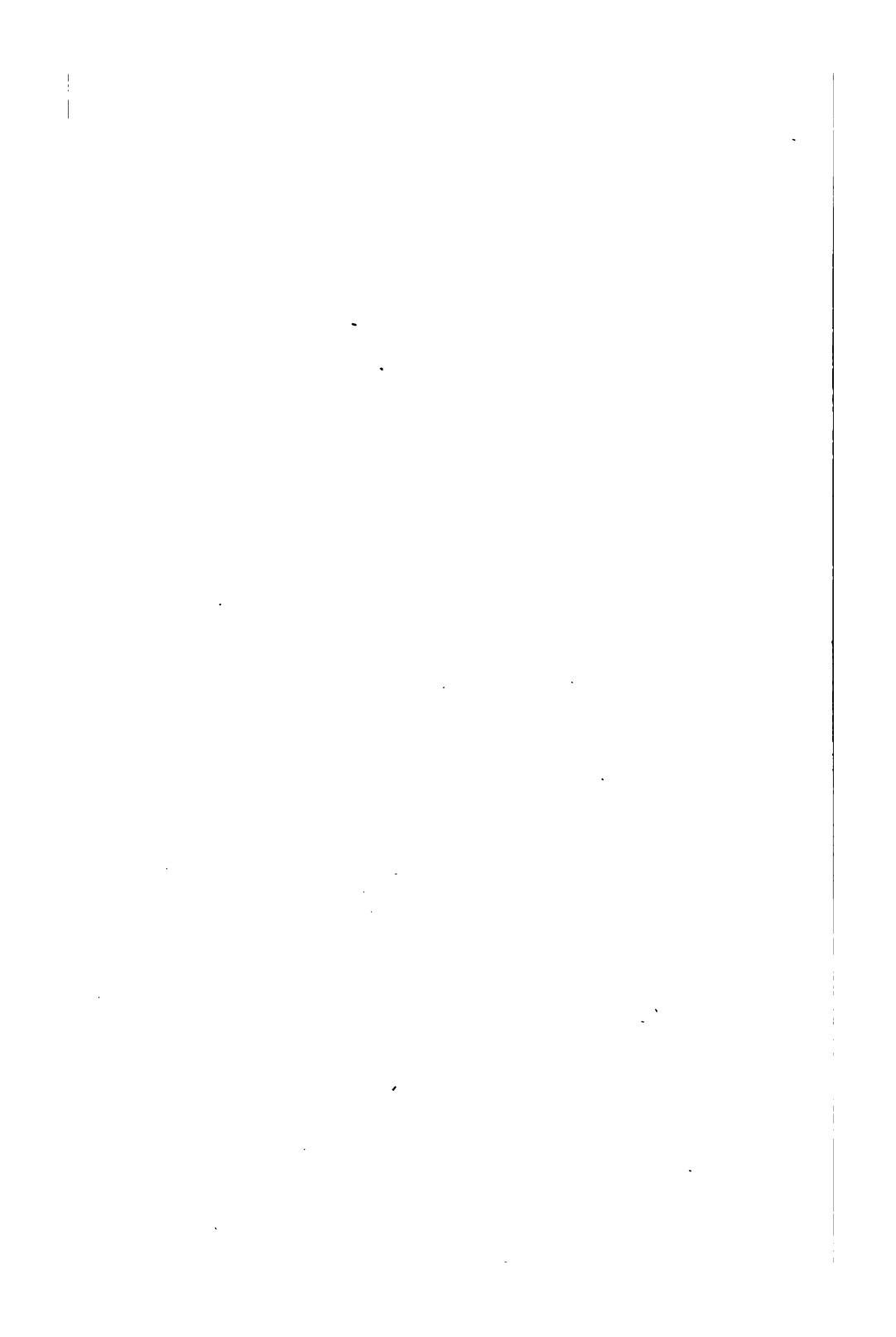
The volume before us belongs to a most useful class of books, which can be taken up and read at odd moments when it would be impossible to study works of greater continuity of thought or design. It has therefore a special value for busy men, who in this age of restless activity are pre-occupied with the engrossing concerns of life, so that they have little leisure for the perusal of works which demand close and continuous mental application. Every page contains suggestive thoughts, practical hints, or words of wisdom which cannot be read without profit and pleasure.

The minister of Christ more especially may find in these "Remains" many invaluable directions for dealing with different classes of hearers ; and may thus be aided in the performance of the difficult task of awakening, convincing, comforting, and edifying souls committed to his spiritual oversight. It would be well for our Church if her younger ministers would be content to learn of such an experienced and able minister of Christ as the great and good Richard Cecil. He was one of the foremost in his day to uplift the standard of evangelical truth, and exhibit in walk and conversation the power of the Gospel to generate a life of unwearied activity in doing good. His firm grasp of the "truth as it is in Jesus" made him earnest in the endeavour to persuade others to embrace the "like precious faith"; but his zeal was tempered with knowledge, and never carried him beyond the limits of Christian charity, and toleration of others. We do not unduly exalt the human instrument. Whatever he was (and he was undoubtedly no ordinary man, in respect of intellectual power and spiritual attainment), he would have been the first to acknowledge "By the grace of God I am what I

am." But surely it is our wisdom to ponder the recorded sentiments of men who have been eminent for faith and devotion. In the study of their lives, in the perusal of their matured judgments, we may learn much ; we may be ourselves guided to a clearer perception of truth ; we may be enabled to avoid errors into which even the best are only too apt to fall ; we may gain an increase of spiritual knowledge and become more deeply rooted and established in Him whom they loved and served on earth, and in whose blessed presence above they are already partaking, in a measure, of the glory which is to be revealed. :

R. RIPON.

THE PALACE, RIPON,  
*January, 1876.*



## INTRODUCTION.

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As one of the still remaining members of the family of the late Rev. Richard Cecil, I have been requested to write a few lines of introduction to the new edition of his "Remains," which is now proposed to be again presented to the public. I can truly say—I hail with delight the revival of a Work which has ever been much cherished by all true Christians, not only on account of the strong sense, piety, and originality of its style, but, more especially, from the catholicity of its sentiments, which are all based upon Bible truth, and which breathe the pure air of a far higher atmosphere than that which now beclouds the minds of many who cannot be said to "speak the things which become sound doctrine."

So many years have now passed since the Memoirs of Mr. Cecil (as written by Mrs. Cecil, and followed out by the Editor of his Works) were published, that it is thought desirable to attach to a new edition of the "Remains" some extracts from the past reminiscences of Mr. Cecil's life and labours, as appearing in the first edition of his Works, published in the year 1811. Mrs. Cecil therein commences her narrative as follows:—

"An anxious desire to beguile Mr. Cecil's hours of depression while at Bath and Clifton in the winter of 1808, gave rise to the following facts being collected together. These facts he read, authenticated, and approved, as a foundation of what is now presented to the public. Some of them had been noted down as they occasionally dropped from his lips in the course of familiar and domestic conversation. I have endeavoured to place them in the order in which they occurred.

"Mr. Cecil was born in Chiswell Street, London, on Nov. 8, 1748. His father and grandfather were scarlet dyers to the East India Company. His mother was the only child of Mr. Grovesnor, a merchant in London, and brother to the Rev. Dr. Grovesnor, the well known author of 'The Mourner.' To some excellent traits of her character mentioned in Mr. C.'s works,

may be added that of her benevolence to the poor. In order to enlarge her resources, she employed herself in working fine-work, according to the fashion of the day, which she sold for their benefit. Mr. C. was born after his mother was fifty years old, and after an interval of ten years had elapsed since the birth of her preceding child. It is worthy of remark, that, during her travail with this child of her old age, her heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. Her years, and other circumstances not necessary to be here mentioned, raised in her mind the most terrific apprehensions. Yet this child was the comfort and the honour of her latter days!

"Mr. Cecil's father inherited a large tract of ground, on which were his dwelling-house, dye-house, and garden. During the early part of Mr. C.'s life, this tract of ground was the spot of his pastime in the interval of school-hours. His life was here endangered by several adventures. The following was remarkable:—His father had in this ground several large backs of water, one of which was sunk into the earth, and in winter was frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice, for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. At this hole Mr. C. was playing with a stick, till he suddenly plunged under the ice. The men had received particular orders overnight to go to work in a part of the dye-house from which this piece of water was not visible; but it is remarkable, that, for reasons which could not be assigned, they went to work at an opposite part, whence it was directly before their eyes. One of the men thought he saw a scarlet cloak appear at the hole broke in the ice, and resolved to go and see what it was: in attempting to take it out, he discovered it to be the scarlet coat of his young master. He was taken out apparently dead; but, after long effort, was recovered.

"About the same time Mr. C. was caught by his coat in a mill-wheel, and must have been crushed in a few moments, had he not, with wonderful presence of mind, thrust his foot against the horse's face, by which the mill was stopped, and he disentangled. Several other extraordinary deliverances occurred about this time; but all, as I have often heard him lament, during his thoughtless days were passed over without improvement. Beyond the period of his juvenile years, I might mention many instances of the preservation of his invaluable life—'Immortal till his work was done,'—but they would lengthen this Memoir beyond the intended bound. Within the recollection of many friends was that of his horse falling, and

throwing him before a loaded cart; the wheel of which went over his hat, pushing his head from beneath it, and only bruising his shoulder. 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.'

"After these instances of preservation, both in Mr. Cecil's earlier and latter years, I return to the days of his youth. His father, being a member of the Established Church, took his son with him on a Sunday to his Parish Church. His mother was a dissenter, and a woman of real piety. She laboured early to impress his mind, both by precept and by example: she bought him Janeway's 'Token for Children,' which greatly affected him, and made him retire into a corner to pray; but his serious impressions wore off; and he at length made such progress in sin that he gloried in his shame, and became a professed infidel. He endeavoured to instil the same principles into others: with some he awfully succeeded, whom he since endeavoured to reclaim, but in vain.

"As he was proceeding in this course of evil, it pleased God by His Spirit to rouse his mind to reflections which gave a turn to his future life. Lying one night in bed, he was contemplating the case of his mother. 'I see,' said he within himself, 'two unquestionable facts: first—my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible; secondly—that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If however there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother?—I will immediately seek it of God.' He instantly rose in his bed, and began to pray. But he was soon damped in his attempt, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. 'Now,' thought he, 'this Christ have I ridiculed: He stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers.' In utter confusion of mind, therefore, he lay down again. Next day, however, he continued to pray to 'the Supreme Being:' he began to consult books and to attend preachers: his difficulties were gradually removed, and his objections answered; and his course of life began to amend. He now listened to the pious admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn; yet they had fixed themselves in his heart, like a barbed arrow; and, though the effects were at the time

concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the streets from the impression she had left on his mind. Now, he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage; which led her to hope that a gracious principle was forming in his heart, and more especially as he then attended the preaching of the Word. Thus he made some progress; but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connections. Light, however, broke into his mind, till he gradually discovered that Jesus Christ, so far from 'standing in his way,' was *the* only 'way, the truth, and the life,' to all 'that come unto God by Him.'

"While Mr. C. pursued this new course, his father began to take alarm; and said to him one evening—'I know not what to do with you. I have made two experiments for your subsistence: I have offered to bring you into my own business, which at my death will be as good as an estate to you: you have rejected all my proposals. You now seem to be taking a religious turn; but I tell you plainly, that, if you connect yourself with dissenters or sectaries, I will do nothing for you, living or dying; but if you choose to go regularly into the Church, I will not only bear the expense of a University, for which you have had some education, but I will buy you a living on your entering into orders. Mr. C. promised to consider this proposal; and, finding his father continued in the same mind, he went (on the recommendation of Dr. Bacon, an old family acquaintance) to Queen's College, Oxford, May 19, 1778.

"On Sep. 22nd, 1776, Mr. Cecil was ordained deacon on the title of the Rev. Mr. Pugh, of Rauceby, in Lincolnshire. In the Lent Term following, he took the degree of B.A. with great credit; and, soon after, removed his name off the books. On Feb. 23rd, 1777, he was admitted to priest's orders. With Mr. Pugh he stayed but a short time; for, at Mr. Pugh's request, he went to serve three Churches in Leicestershire. These Churches were Thornton, Bagworth, and Markfield. The object of his going thither was that of serving the Churches till Mr. Abbott, the son of the deceased vicar, should be able to take the charge of them. The *end* of his being sent thither appears still more important.

"On his going forth, in this beginning of his mission, he found little of real religion in these Churches; but, by means of his ministry, a general attention to the truth was excited among the people, and 'many of them believed and clave unto the Lord.' Mr. Abbott, in particular, and a sister of his, owed to Mr. Cecil,

under the divine blessing, their knowledge and belief of the truth; and, at length, a flourishing congregation was formed in each of the Churches.

"Mr. C. laboured to awaken the mind of Mr. Abbott not merely to the necessity of embracing the truth, but that he might 'continue in the things which he had learned,' and preach among the people 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God,' which was 'committed to his trust.' Mr. Cecil, anxious that these

'Plants of his hand, and children of his prayer'

should not be left like sheep without a shepherd, earnestly urged on Mr. Abbott his responsibility as a minister—the obligation of making full proof of his ministry—and the infinite consequences attaching to his holy function. It pleased God to bless his endeavours; and Mr. Abbott not only received the truth in the knowledge of it, but in the love of it, and became a faithful and upright minister. He died in early life.

"On Mr. Cecil's return to Rauceby, he found a letter informing him, that, by the interest of friends, two small livings had been obtained for him at Lewes, in Sussex. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Pugh, who, at that time, wished to go to Bath; but he generously dismissed his curate, and accordingly Mr. C. proceeded to take possession of his livings.

"At Lewes, residing in a damp situation, near one of his Churches, he was long afflicted with a rheumatic disorder in his head; and, at length, was disabled for duty for several months, and was under the necessity of procuring a curate. I have heard him mention, with much feeling, a very singular providence which occurred to him on his going from London to Lewes to serve these Churches. Instead of his leaving town early in the morning, the farrier who shod his horse detained him till noon; in consequence of which he did not arrive in East Grinstead Common till after it was dark. On this Common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. C. called to him, and warned him of his danger; which the man disregarding, with his usual benevolence he rode up to him in order to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of Mr. C.'s horse; who, perceiving he was in bad hands, endeavoured to break away, on which the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men on horseback immediately rode up, placing Mr. C. in the midst of them. On

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perceiving his danger, it struck him—'here is an occasion of faith!' and that gracious direction also occurred to him—'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' He secretly lifted up his heart to God, entreating that deliverance which *He* alone could effect. One of the men, who seemed to be the captain of the gang, asked him who he was, and whither he was going. Mr. C. here recurred to a principle to which his mind was habituated—that 'nothing needs a lie.' He therefore told them very frankly his name, and whither he was going: the leader said—'Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes: let the gentleman's horse go: we wish you good night.' Mr. C. had about him sixteen pounds, Queen Anne's Bounty, belonging to his Churches, which he had been to town to receive, and which, at that time, was to him a large sum.

"Mr. C. continued to be so much affected with the rheumatic complaint in his head that he removed from Lewes to London, and lived at Islington for the recovery of his health. During this time he preached at different Churches and Chapels in London.

"For some years he delivered a lecture at Lothbury, at six o'clock on the Sunday morning. He found the walk, at that early hour in winter, very dangerous, as most of the lamps were gone out, and few persons stirring except those who wander for prey. He has often made me thrill with horror, at hearing him state the meeting on his way thither of wretches with their dark lanterns, and with designs still darker; but God graciously preserved him amidst these dangers.

"He was solicited to take the Sunday Evening Lecture, preached at Christ Church, Spitalfields. He entered on this charge in Sep. 1787, a date which I am not likely to forget. The first Sunday evening that he went thither, he left in my lap a dying infant (as was supposed) given over by his physicians with scarcely a remaining trace of life, and which he did not expect to find alive on his return. But this did not stop Mr. C. in his work—'The walls were to be built in troublous times;' and he went forth accordingly, though with a troubled heart. It pleased God, however, to restore our child, like another Lazarus, at that time; but He took him into His own gracious arms, in the twenty-first year of his age.

"Mr. C. had the charge of this Lecture, and of that at Long Acre Chapel, alternately, each time for three successive years, with Mr. Foster—the gentleman who endowed the Lecture at

Spitalfields having specified that the same clergyman should hold that Lectureship only three years in immediate succession. I need not speak of the vast congregation which assembled in that immense Temple, the very sight of which was most animating, and where the stillness and attention of the numerous poor were most interesting. Mr. C. was, however, obliged by ill health to relinquish this arduous post—nearly the whole duty of which was discharged for him by Mr. Pratt, during the last three years of his holding the Lectureship, from 1799 to 1801.

“I return to Mr. Cecil’s most important sphere of duty at St. John’s Chapel, Bedford Row. In the year 1780, he was invited to turn his thoughts to this Chapel, at that time the largest Church-of-England Chapel in London. Having been much neglected, it required a large sum for its repair. Mr. C. went, therefore, MERELY TO LOOK AT IT; for, as he never was possessed of any property, he chose to run no hazards. A lady of fortune,\* however, offered to secure him from any ultimate loss, by her bond, should not the undertaking succeed; but, as the Chapel prospered, she was never called on. Yet, wishing to testify her regard to Mr. Cecil, she gave him a very considerable sum of money toward building a new vestry and the rooms adjoining, to which several other friends contributed, and by whom the expense of the building, amounting to several hundred pounds, was defrayed. At the same time, a gentleman in the law† offered to lend Mr. C. all the money that might be required for the repair of the Chapel, without any other security than his note. Mr. Cecil’s mind was, at length, made up as to engaging in this affair. He thought that though the Chapel, so encumbered, might not yield any considerable advantage in his lifetime, yet that the call appeared providential and the sphere useful. Accordingly, in March 1780, he entered on his ministry at St. John’s. At this time, his whole income was eighty pounds per annum, which he received for the Lecture preached at Orange Street Chapel.

“Mr. C. had for many years suffered greatly from a complaint, supposed to be sciatica. On being seized by a more violent and acute attack, a consultation of the faculty was held on his disorder on Friday, Dec. 7th, 1798; the result of which was—that he was prohibited from preaching any more while the existing symptoms continued. A schirrus in the cæcum was now

\* Mrs. Wilberforce, of John Street, King’s Road, aunt to William Wilberforce, Esq.

† William Cardale, Esq., of Bedford Row.

apprehended, and his condition was thought dangerous. The following Sunday a most affecting scene took place at St. John's. He had been announced on the preceding Sunday, to preach a sermon in the morning of this day, Dec. 9th, for the children of the Sunday-School attending the Chapel, and another in the evening to their parents. Notwithstanding the prohibition by his medical friends, he determined to make an attempt to address the people once more. Many circumstances conspired to render the scene affecting. A friend remarked that a side view which he caught of his face before he uttered a word, chilled him to the heart:—'Sunk, worn, and dejected! The strong was, indeed, become as tow, and the mighty fallen!' His text added to the solemnity of the scene:—'He which testifieth these things saith—Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!' He had not preached more than five minutes, before it was visible that he was in extreme pain, and his feeble tone of voice proved that he was worn down. He could not continue his discourse more than twenty minutes, and then dismissed the congregation—not with the usual benediction, but in the last words of the Bible immediately following his text. The presentiment of many that this sermon would close his ministry gathered strength from his having chosen the concluding subject of the Scriptures, and ending his discourse with the benediction following it. After this period it pleased God, whose 'ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts,' to add twelve years to his life.

"I proceed to the year 1800, when Mr. Cecil was requested by Samuel Thornton, Esq., to take the livings of Chobham and Bisley, which his father—the ever-memorable John Thornton, Esq.—had bought, and had left in the hands of trustees. Mr. Cecil, though duly sensible of the favour, yet could not be prevailed on to think of accepting these livings; and was so fully determined against it, that he returned several refusals, in answer to pressing requests by letter, that he would accept them. He was also informed by Mr. Thornton, that it was his father's intention, that the unbeneficed trustees (of whom Mr. C. was one) were to have the first offer; and he repeated his wishes, with many friendly arguments—particularly, the danger, in Mr. Cecil's state of health, of his becoming incapable of going on at St. John's, without some relief from that arduous post. Mr. C. continued, however, to retain his objections; but an old friend hinted to him, that he might be resisting a call in Providence. To this intimation he listened, and consented to refer

the business to the trustees and a few select friends who should meet for the purpose of determining the question. They accordingly met together, and were unanimous in resolving it to be the duty of a man in Mr. Cecil's circumstances, family, and health, to accept the livings, and serve them in the summer.

"Mr. Cecil found these parishes, like others where the light of truth has scarcely dawned, sunk in the depths of ignorance and immorality—very few hearers in the Church, while many were making the Sabbath a day of sport and amusement. He found that there also, as in other places whither he had been led by Providence, he had to begin at the very foundation, under the most discouraging circumstances. But he did not labour in vain among this people: a large and attentive congregation was collected, and many 'saw the day of the Son of Man, and were glad;' some of these are already entered into rest, where both 'he that sowed, and those who reaped, now rejoice together.'

"I return to the sad period of 1807, when Mr. C. had a slight paralytic affection—from which he recovered sufficiently to resume his ministerial labours. In Feb. 1808, another paralytic seizure took place, which deprived him of the use of his right side, and totally disabled him for further exertions in public. Electricity was ordered and administered with great kindness and attention; but, proving ineffectual, he was then ordered to Bath. The expenses of such a journey not being within his own power, a few friends readily and cheerfully subscribed to assist him in this undertaking; so that he was relieved from carefulness in this respect.

"After having tried the Bath Waters for several months, and receiving no benefit, he was ordered to try change of air; and his way was graciously directed to Clifton. On his going there he derived considerable benefit; but, toward the latter part of the time, his disease began to increase, and he longed for home. On his arrival at his house in town, in the spring of 1808, with his nerves shattered and his state of health broken, the sudden heat of the weather, together with the closeness and noise of London, greatly increased his sufferings, and he became extremely desirous to remove from its tumult and distraction. He was, at this time, in a state which can be little apprehended, even by invalids themselves; much less by those in health and vigour. It was, however, a state to him, and a season to me, replete with difficulties, which seemed increasing on all sides. But relief was on its way; and the time was now hastening when the sorrows of a worn-out traveller were to be

exchanged for 'an eternal weight of glory.' We had taken a house at Belle-Vue, Hampstead, in a quiet and airy situation ; and thither we removed in April 1810. From thence it pleased God to remove Mr. Cecil to a house more congenial to the desires of his soul, 'eternal in the heavens.' By a fit of apoplexy his spirit was released from 'the body of death,' Aug. 15th 1810,—a bereavement to his family, to the Church, and to the world, irreparable—an affliction calling for silent submission to Divine Wisdom, and only mitigated by the assurance of his being from thenceforth 'ever with the Lord.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

For nearly twenty years after writing the narrative from whence these extracts are taken, my dear mother remained a mourning widow, until it pleased God, in 1830, to call her happy spirit to the same blessed regions of joy to which her best earthly beloved had gone before.

In conclusion, I would only add the earnest wish and prayer—that the words which so long ago fell from my honored father's lips, in the cause of truth and piety, may, at this day, prove like a "strong wind," keen and searching, yet "words on God's behalf;" such as tend to "nourish up in the words of faith and of good doctrine."—"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth."

CATHARINE CECIL.

Jan. 1st, 1876.

# CECIL'S REMAINS,

*ETC.*

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“A skilful workman he  
In God's great moral vineyard : what to prune  
With cautious hand he knew, what to uproot ;  
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants  
Which had unfailing vigour in them, knew ;  
Nor knew alone, but watched them night and day,  
And reared and nourished them, till fit to be  
Transplanted to the Paradise above.”

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## A CALL TO ACTION.

I HAVE often had occasion to observe that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into a habit of inquiring about properties, and expediences, and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man—“Do something ;—do it—do it !”

## THE WAY TO MEET AN ADVERSARY.

However ill men may treat us, we should never give them a handle to say that we misbehaved ourselves. Were I to meet my most bitter adversary, and know that he was come with the most malicious intentions, I should endeavour to be so on my guard, that he could not lay his finger, with truth, on any part of my conduct.

## ADVICE GIVEN TO FRIENDS.

I have seen too much of life to have anything to do in the troubled waters of my friends by way of giving advice, unless they will allow me to remain in secret. This especially applies to some Christians of more sincerity than prudence. An opinion given on difficult and controverted cases, in confidence of its being used only as a private principle of action, has been quoted as authority in defence of the conduct founded on it.

## COMPANIONS IN AFFLICTION.

Attention to the scriptural account of the Christian character will greatly assist you in distinguishing real Christians from those who, equally forward and corrupt, have at all times assumed their name and mixed in their society, to their grief and scandal. Leaving these unhappy exceptions to their proper Judge, follow the unerring rule which He has put into your hand, and those who walk by it; particularly such as are your companions in affliction. You will see them passing before you with not only the same wounds in their hearts, but almost the same words in their lips. Study their course; mark their progress; observe how they hold His arm, plead at His throne, repose in His bosom, and magnify His truth, who walks with them in a furnace, which, like that of the three children, burns nothing but their bonds.—(Dan. iii. 25.)

## GOD IN AFFLICTION.

It was charged upon some that they "returned not to Him that smote them," nor "sought the Lord" in their distress.—(Isa. ix. 13.) On the contrary, the clear apprehension which Job had of a divine hand in his afflictions is as instructive as his patience under them. While grief "rent his mantle," faith "fell down and worshipped:"—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—(Job i. 21.) Let us learn from him never to lose sight of the Author by an undue regard to the mere circumstances of our loss. We may think and speak of the symptoms and stages of the late removal—of the physicians—of the remedies, etc., in their

supposed right or wrong application ; but not so as to forget that an unerring Providence presided over the whole, yea actually conducted every part on reasons as righteous as they are inscrutable.

PRAYER IN RELATION TO AFFLICTION.

Affliction, indeed, is the only gift for which we are not commanded to pray ; but a wise and instructed Christian will know that he ought to pray for a sanctified use of it when sent : we ought to pray that all this cost may not be in vain : we ought to pray that by all these afflictions we may be brought nearer to God, and more out of the world, and never doubt any word of God, or murmur against any of His dispensations, however much we may for the present suffer.

THE RECORD OF THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

We should always record our thoughts in affliction—set up way-marks—set up our Bethels—erect our Ebenezers, that we may recur to them in health ; for then we are in other circumstances, and can never recover our sick-bed views.

THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.

God teaches some of His best lessons in the school of affliction. It is said that St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians has quite the spirit and air of a prison. That school must be truly excellent which produces such experience and wisdom.

THE TEACHING OF AFFLICTION.

O affliction ! when sent to instruct, thou becomest a deep and faithful casuit ! Of many past transactions and present habits, I said—"It is nothing ;" or, "It is settled." Thou bringest the book again before me. What errors in the account ! What blindness in the adjustment ! Poor bankrupt ! I said I was "rich and increased in goods ;" and behold I am "miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked !" Who is the man that, in health and spirits, abounds in his own sense, and in self-satisfaction ? He may

perhaps live to learn that his God can make an affliction present such views in one day as a whole life of contemplation and study would never have afforded.

#### THE TENDENCY OF AFFLICTION.

Affliction has a tendency, especially if long continued, to generate a kind of despondency and ill-temper ; and spiritual incapacity is closely connected with pain and sickness. The spirit of prayer does not necessarily come with affliction. If this be not poured out upon the man, he will, like a wounded beast, skulk to his den and growl there.

#### THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANGELS.

Angels know the worth of an immortal soul ; and what it is for such a soul to be redeemed, and that in harmony with the glory of God. Angels know the vanity of this dying and wretched world. Angels know the misery of hell : they know the worm that never dies, and the fire that never will be quenched. Angels know the glory, and taste, and song, and sentiment of heaven ; and therefore it was impossible, if an angel was to express his sentiments on this subject, that it should be in any other language than that of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

#### THE FEAR OF ANNIHILATION.

Annihilation, which is the unbeliever's best hope, is the Christian's worst fear. He alone stands a candidate for an enduring substance.

#### ARTIFICE AND ADDRESS.

The instances of artifice which occur in Scripture are not to be imitated, but avoided : if Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob equivocate in order to obtain their ends, this is no warrant to me to do so : David's falsehood concerning Goliath's sword argued distrust of God. If any part of the truth which I am bound to communicate be concealed, this is sinful artifice. The Jesuits in China, in order to remove the offence of the cross, declared that it was a falsehood invented by the Jews that Christ was crucified ;

but they were expelled from the empire, and this was designed, perhaps, to be held up as a warning to all missionaries that no good end is to be carried by artifice.

But address is of a different nature. There is no falsehood, deception, or equivocation in address. St. Paul, for instance, employed lawful address, and not artifice, when he set the Sadducees and Pharisees at variance; he employed a lawful argument to interest the Pharisees in his favour: this was great address, but it had nothing of criminal artifice. In Joshua's ambushes for the men of Ai there was nothing sinful; it was a lawful stratagem of war. It would have been unlawful to tell the men of Ai there was no ambush; but they knew that they came out of their city liable to such ambushes. Christ's conduct at Emmaus, and that of the angels of Sodom, were meant as trials of the regard of those with whom they were conversing.

#### MODERN ATHEISM.

Atheism is a characteristic of our day. On the sentiments, manners, pursuits, amusements, and dealings of the great body of mankind, there is written in broad characters—"without God in the world!"

#### CONCENTRATION OF ATTENTION.

Every man should aim to do one thing well. If he dissipates his attention on several objects, he may have excellent talents entrusted to him, but they will be entrusted to no good end. Concentrated on his proper object, they might have a vast energy; but, dissipated on several, they will have none. Let other objects be pursued, indeed; but only so far as they may subserve the main purpose. By neglecting this rule, I have seen frivolity and futility written on minds of great power; and, by regarding it, I have seen very limited minds acting in the first rank of their profession. I have seen a large capital and a great stock dissipated, and the man reduced to beggary; and I have seen a small capital and stock improved to great riches.

## REMARKS ON AUTHORS.

When I look at the mind of Lord Bacon, it seems vast, original, penetrating, analogical, beyond all competition. When I look at his character, it is wavering, shuffling, mean. In the closing scene, and in that only, he appears in true dignity, as a man of profound contrition.

Baxter surpasses perhaps all others in the grand, impressive, and persuasive style. But he is not to be named with Owen as to furnishing the student's mind. He is, however, multifarious, complex, practical.

I am an entire disciple of Butler. He calls his book "Analogy;" but the great subject, from beginning to end, is human ignorance. Berkeley has done much to reduce man to a right view of his attainments in real knowledge; but he goes too far: he requires a demonstration of self-evident truths; he requires me to demonstrate that that table is before me. Beattie has well replied to this error in his "Immutability of Truth," though it pleased Mr. Hume to call that book—"Philosophy for the Ladies."

Metaphysicians seem born to puzzle and confound mankind. I am surprised to hear men talk of their having demonstrated such and such points. Even Andrew Baxter, one of the best of these metaphysicians, though he reasons and speculates well, has not demonstrated to my mind one single point by his reasonings. They know nothing at all on the subject of moral and religious truth beyond what God has revealed. I am so deeply convinced of this, that I can sit by and smile at the fancies of these men; and especially when they fancy they have found out demonstrations. Why there are demonstrators who will carry the world before them, till another man rises who demonstrates the very opposite, and then, of course, the world follows him!

We are mere mites creeping on the earth, and oftentimes conceited mites too. If any superior being will condescend to visit us and teach us, something may be known. "Has God spoken to man?" This is the most important question that can be asked. All ministers should examine this

matter to the foundation. Many are culpably negligent herein. But, when this has been done, let there be no more questionings and surmises. My son is not, perhaps, convinced that I am entitled to be his teacher. Let us try. If he finds that he knows more than I do—well ; if he finds that he knows nothing, and submits—I am not to renew this conviction in his mind every time he chooses to require me to do so.

If any honest and benevolent man felt scruples in his breast concerning Revelation, he would hide them there, and would not move wretched men from the only support which they can have in this world. I am thoroughly convinced of the want of real integrity and benevolence in all infidels. And I am as thoroughly convinced of the want of real belief of the Scriptures in most of those who profess to believe them.

Metaphysicians can unsettle things, but they can erect nothing. They can pull down a Church, but they cannot build a hovel. The Hutchinsonians have said the best things about the metaphysicians. I am no Hutchinsonian ; yet I see that they have data, and that there is something worth proving in what they assert.

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Clarke has, above all other men, the faculty of lowering the life and spiritual sense of Scripture to such perfection as to leave it like dry bones, divested of every particle of marrow or oil. South is nearer the truth. He tells more of it ; but he tells it with the tongue of a viper ; for he was most bitterly set against the Puritans. But there is a spirit and life about him ; he must and will be heard. And now and then he darts on us with an unexpected and incomparable stroke.

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I should not recommend a young minister to pay much deference to the Scotch divines. The Erskines, who were the best of them, are dry, and laboured, and prolix, and wearisome. He may find incomparable matter in them, but he should beware of forming his taste and manner after their model. I want a kind-hearted and liberal sort of divinity. He had much better take up Bishop Hall. There is a set of excellent but wrong-headed men, who

would reform the London preachers on a more elaborate plan. They are not philosophers who talk thus. If Owen himself were to rise from the grave, unless it were for the influence of the great name which he would bring with him, he might close his days with a small congregation in some little meeting-house.

"Some men," said Dr. Patten to me, "are always crying Fire! Fire!" To be sure—where there is danger, there ought to be affectionate earnestness. Who would remonstrate, coldly and with indifference, with a man about to precipitate himself from Dover Cliff, and not rather snatch him forcibly from destruction? Truth, in its living influence on the heart, will show itself in consecratedness and holy zeal. When teachers of religion are destitute of these qualities, the world readily infers that religion itself is a farce. Let us do the world justice. It has very seldom found a considerate, accommodating, and gentle, but withal earnest, heavenly, and enlightened teacher. When it has found such, truth has received a very general attention. Such a man was Hervey, and his works have met their reward.

Homer approaches nearest of all the heathen poets to the grandeur of Hebrew poetry. With the theological light of Scripture he would have wonderfully resembled it.

Hooker is incomparable in strength and sanctity. His first books are wonderful. I do not so perfectly meet him as he advances towards the close.

I never read any sermons so much like Whitefield's manner of preaching as Latimer's. You see a simple mind, uttering all its feelings, and putting forth everything as it comes, without any reference to books or men, with a *naïveté* seldom equalled.

Loskiel's "Account of the Moravian Missions among the North American Indians" has taught me two things: I have found in it a striking illustration of the uniformity with which the grace of God operates on men. Crantz, in his "Account of the Missions in Greenland," has shown the

grace of God working on a man-fish—on a stupid, sottish, senseless creature, scarcely a remove from the fish on which he lived. Loskiel shows the same grace working on a man-devil—a fierce, bloody, revengeful warrior, dancing his infernal war-dance with the mind of a fury. Divine grace brings these men to the same point. It quickens, it stimulates, and elevates the Greenlander : it raises him to a sort of new life—it seems almost to bestow on him new senses—it opens his eye, and bends his ear, and rouses his heart ; and what it adds, it sanctifies. The same grace tames the high spirit of the Indian—it reduces him to the meekness, and docility, and simplicity of a child. The evidence arising to Christianity from these facts is perhaps seldom sufficient, by itself, to convince the gainsayer ; but, to a man who already believes, it greatly strengthens the reason of his belief. I have seen also in these books, that, the fish-boat, and the oil, and the tomahawk, and the cap of feathers excepted, a Christian minister has to deal with just the same sort of creatures as the Greenlander and the Indian among civilized nations.

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Owen stands at the head of his class of divines. His scholars will be more profound, and enlarged, and better furnished, than those of most other writers. His work on the Spirit has been my treasure-house, and one of my very first-rate books. Such writers as Ricaltoun rather disqualify than prepare a minister for the immediate business of the pulpit. Original and profound thinkers enlarge his views, and bring into exercise the powers and energies of his own mind, and should therefore be his daily companions. Their matter must, however, be ground down before it will be fit for the pulpit. Such writers as Owen, who, though less original, have united detail with wisdom, are copious in proper topics, and in matter better prepared for immediate use, and in furniture ready finished, as it were, for the mind.

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Paley is an unsound casuist, and is likely to do great injury to morals. His extenuation of the crimes committed by an intoxicated man, for instance, is fallacious and dangerous. Multiply the crime of intoxication into the

consequences that follow from it, and you have the sum total of the guilt of a drunken man.

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Rutherford's Letters is one of my classics. Were truth the beam, I have no doubt that if Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and all that the world has agreed to idolize, were weighed against that book, they would be lighter than vanity. He is a real original. There are in his Letters some inexpressibly forcible and arresting remonstrances with unconverted men.

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Shakespeare had a low and licentious taste. When he chose to imagine a virtuous and exalted character, he could completely throw his mind into it, and give the perfect picture of such a character. But he is at home in Falstaff. No high, grand, virtuous religious aim beams forth in him. A man, whose heart and taste are modelled on the Bible, nauseates him in the mass, while he is enraptured and astonished by the flashes of his pre-eminent genius.

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"Have you read my key to the Romans?" said Dr. Taylor of Norwich, to Mr. Newton. "I have turned it over!" "You have turned it over! And is this the treatment a book must meet with, which has cost me many years of hard study? Must I be told at last that you have 'turned it over,' and then thrown it aside? You ought to have read it carefully, and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject." "Hold! You have cut me out full employment if my life were to be as long as Methuselah's. I have somewhat else to do in the short day allotted me than to read whatever any one may think it his duty to write. When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books which contradict on the very face of them what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say that I am bound to read such books? If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to his argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away."

I admired Witsius' "Economy of the Covenants," but not so much as many persons. There is too much system. I used to study commentators and systems; but I am come almost wholly at length to the Bible. Commentators are excellent, in general, where there are but few difficulties, but they leave the harder knots still untied. I find in the Bible, the more I read, a grand peculiarity, that seems to say to all who attempt to systematize it—"I am not of your kind. I am not amenable to your methods of thinking. I am untractable in your hands. I stand alone. The great and wise shall never exhaust my treasures. By figures and parables I will come down to the feelings and understandings of the ignorant. Leave me as I am, but study me incessantly." Calvin's Institutes are, to be sure, great and admirable, and so are his commentaries; but after all, if we must have commentators—as we certainly must—Poole is incomparable, and I had almost said, abundant of himself.

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The modern German writers, and the whole school formed after them, systematically and intentionally confound vice and virtue, and argue for the passions against the morals and institutions of society. There never was a more dangerous book written than one that Mrs. Wolstoncroft left imperfect, but which Godwin published after her death. Her "Wrongs of Women" is an artful apology for adultery; she labours to interest the feelings in favour of an adulteress, by making her crime the consequence of the barbarous conduct of a despicable husband, while she is painted all softness and sensibility. Nothing like this was ever attempted before the modern school.

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Young is, of all other men, one of the most striking examples of the disunion of piety from truth. If we read his most true, impassioned, and impressive estimate of the world and of religion, we shall think it impossible that he was uninfluenced by his subject. It is, however, a melancholy fact—that he was hunting after preferment at eighty years old, and felt and spoke like a disappointed man. The truth was pictured on his mind in most vivid colours. He felt it, while he was writing. He felt himself on a

retired spot ; and he saw Death, the mighty hunter, pursuing the unthinking world. He saw redemption—its necessity and its grandeur ; and, while he looked on it, he spoke as a man would speak whose mind and heart are deeply engaged. Notwithstanding all this, the view did not reach his heart ! Had I preached in his pulpit with the fervour and interest that his “Night Thoughts” discover, he would have been terrified. He told a friend of mine, who went to him under religious fears, that he must go more into the world !

#### AUTHORS, PRINCIPLES, AND CHARACTERS.

I have long adopted an expedient which I have found of singular service. I have a shelf in my study for tried authors, and one in my mind for tried principles and characters.

When an author has stood a thorough examination, and will bear to be taken as a guide, I put him on the shelf.

When I have more fully made up my mind on a principle, I put it on the shelf. A hundred subtle objections may be brought against this principle ; I may meet with some of them perhaps ; but my principle is on the shelf. Generally, I may be able to recall the reasons which weighed with me to put it there ; but, if not, I am not to be sent out to sea again. Time was when I saw through and detected all the subtleties that could be brought against it. I have past evidence of having been fully convinced ; and there on the shelf it shall lie.

When I have turned a character over and over on all sides, and seen it through and through in all situations, I put it on the shelf. There may be conduct in the person which may stumble others ; there may be great inconsistencies ; there may be strange and unaccountable turns—but I have put that character on the shelf : difficulties will all be cleared up ; everything will come round again. I should be much chagrined, indeed, to be obliged to take a character down which I had once put up ; but that has never been the case with me yet ; and the best guard against it is—not to be too hasty in putting them there.

**THE STATE OF A BACKSLIDER.**

Let the restless, comfortless state of a backslider, distinguish him from an apostate.

**AN ADVANTAGEOUS WAY OF READING THE BIBLE.**

One way of reading the Bible with advantage is to pay it great homage ; so that when we come to any part which we cannot connect with other passages, we must conclude that this arises from our ignorance, but that the seeming contrarieties are in themselves quite reconcilable.

**BELIEF IN THE BIBLE.**

Whatever definitions men have given of religion, I can find none so accurately descriptive of it as this--that it is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart. Men may speculate, criticize, admire, dispute about, doubt, or believe the Bible ; but the religious man is such, because he so believes it as to carry habitually a practical sense of its truths on his mind.

**DENIAL IN RELATION TO THE BIBLE.**

In order to read the Bible with profit, we must begin by denying ourselves every step of the way ; for, every step of the way, it will be found to oppose our corrupt nature.

**THE DESIGN OF THE BIBLE.**

The Bible is written with a very different design from other histories. Other histories may be written generally to instruct or to amuse ; but the Bible is written that we may know the God who made us, and the God who will judge us ; that we may know His mind concerning us, before we stand in judgment at His bar.

**DIFFERENT WAYS OF TREATING THE TRUTHS OF THE BIBLE.**

There are two different ways of treating the truths of the Bible--the scientific and the simple. It was seriously given me in charge, when I first entered into the ministry,

this record is true ; or, that it must be strangely determined, in providence, that the sincere and diligent seeker of truth shall inevitably be deceived. But I cannot for a moment admit the latter supposition ; for I dare not think of God but as holy, just, and good ; and as “a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him.”

#### THE GARDEN-RESEMBLANCE OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible resembles an extensive and highly cultivated garden, where there is a vast variety and profusion of fruits and flowers, some of which are more essential or more splendid than others ; but there is not a blade suffered to grow in it which has not its use and beauty in the system. Salvation for sinners is the grand truth presented everywhere, and in all points of light ; but “the pure in heart” sees a thousand traits of the divine character, of himself, and of the world—some striking and bold, others cast as it were into the shade, and designed to be searched for and examined—some direct, others by way of intimation or inference.

#### GOD FOUND IN THE BIBLE.

Here alone I find the true God, and discover His real character from His own declarations and dispensations. The altar raised to an “Unknown God” stands a monument of the blindness and wretchedness of the worshippers ; but in the Bible I see “glory” is given “to God in the highest, peace on earth” is revealed, and “good-will to men” so expressly points out the means of this peace, that, if these means were universally adopted, the present “Bedlam of the Universe” must be immediately changed into a happy state of order, truth, and love.

#### THE GREAT END OF THE BIBLE.

A man may find much amusement in the Bible—variety of prudential instruction—abundance of sublimity and poetry ; but if he stops there, he stops short of its great end—for “the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.” The grand secret in the study of the Scriptures is to dis-

cover Jesus Christ therein, "the way, the truth, and the life."

#### THE LIGHT AND OBSCURITY OF THE BIBLE.

When we read the Bible we must always remember, that, like the holy waters seen by Ezekiel (chap. xlvii.), it is in some places, up "to the ancles;" in others, up "to the knees;" in others, up "to the loins;" and in some, "a river" too deep to be fathomed, and that "cannot be passed over." There is light enough to guide the humble and teachable to heaven, and obscurity enough to confound the unbeliever.

#### PREJUDICE IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

Principle is to be distinguished from prejudice. The man who should endeavour to weaken my belief of the truth of the Bible, and of the fair deduction from it of the leading doctrines of religion, under the notion of their being prejudices, should be regarded by me as an assassin. He stabs me in my dearest hopes; he robs me of my solid happiness; and he has no equivalent to offer. This species of evidence of the truth and value of Scripture is within the reach of all men. It is my strongest. It assures me as fully as a voice could from heaven, that my principles are not prejudices. I see in the Bible my heart and the world painted to the life; and I see just that provision made which is competent to the highest ends and effects on this heart and this world.

#### THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

The simple and unprejudiced study of the Bible is the death of religious extravagance. Many read it under a particular bias of mind. They read books written by others under the same views. Their preaching and conversation run in the same channel. If they could awaken themselves from this state, and come to read the whole Scriptures for everything which they could find there, they would start as from a dream—amazed at the humble, meek, forbearing, holy, heavenly character of the simple religion of the Scriptures, to which, in a greater or less degree, their eyes had been blinded.